THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
September 13, 1965 . . 35c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

Whatever Happened to the State Department?

CHARLES W. TAIT

The Return of Flying Saucers

Daniel Cohen

Flannery O'Connor

WEBSTER SCHOTT

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LETTERS

Socialists' conference

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: In your August 30 issue you published my letter informing your readers of the First Annual Socialist Scholars Conference to be held Sept. 11 and 12 on the New Brunswick campus of Rutgers University. The site of the conference has now been changed to Columbia University. For further details we refer your readers to our advertisement which appears in this issue.

Marvin E. Gettleman
Assistant Professor of History
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn

A shade of difference?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Eqbal Ahmad's article, "Revolutionary Warfare" [*The Nation*, Aug. 30], moves me to ask the following question: What magic formula does one use to distinguish a noble, idealistic, progressive guerrilla movement which murders thousands of local officials (13,000 in South Vietnam between 1957 and 1961, according to the author) and a certain number of schoolteachers and health workers ("selectively," of course!) from a wicked, unidealistic, unprogressive guerrilla movement which does exactly the same thing?

J. Hermann

Note: Just for laughs (and for a change), how about publishing a letter that doesn't agree with you?

Woodland, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Professor Ahmad's article on revolutionary warfare is required reading every American politician and diplomat. *Ernest Nash*

The above message was received by Western Union telegram.—Editor.

The question of guilt

Bronxville, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Watts: The Forgotten Slum" [Aug. 30], stresses the one most important contributing factor to that tragic riot which could have been avoided had persons in responsibility only listened to the warning cries that were in the air constantly these past two years.

The most typical and damaging of this attitude on the part of various Los Angeles leaders was Cardinal McIntyre's remark in a 1963 press conference: "The Negro is better treated in Los Angeles than anywhere in the United States." He then went on in the next several months to refuse to support those who were fighting to retain California's Fair Housing laws, and silenced by action or threat any members of the Catholic clergy who dared speak out in defense of civil rights. The DuBay case was but one of many, and how right Father DuBay was when he predicted the serious unrest among the Negroes of Los Angeles. To one who has served as president of the Catholic Interracial Council in San Diego and been active in the same organization in San Francisco, I can only say that Cardinal McIntyre's lack of awareness best demonstrates the truth of your editorial.

It is hoped that the board appointed by the Governor considers the charges against Cardinal McIntyre as well as those against Chief Parker. They may be quite similar.

Walter G. Hooke

Appreciation

Quito, Ecuador

Dear Sirs: This letter is written to express my appreciation for the many fine editorials and articles you have published discussing the Vietnam situation. They have been excellent. Please continue them.

James J. Billings

Education versus culture

Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The drive toward conformity and the elimination of "controversy" in publicly supported facilities has reached ludicrous proportions here in Burbank. By a vote of 4 to 1 the City Council has changed the existing rules regulating the use of the auditorium and meeting rooms of the Public Library. Under the new rules these facilities are limited to "city-sponsored organizations or community cultural groups." Specifically excluded are educational organizations. Yes, education has been declared out of bounds in the Burbank Public Library. Not culture, just education. This weird pitting of the educational against the cultural is just a transparent façade, to ban from the library auditorium such groups as the American Civil Liberties Union, which was characterized as an educational group; Human Relations Council and the American Association of University Women, which were classed as "political" because they have legislative committees. ACLU and other groups concerned with vital public issues have been in a running battle with a city manager and city council pressured by right-wing and extremist elements since last spring, when ACLU (local chapter) dared to hold a debate on "Released Time for Religious Education in Public Schools" in the library auditorium. Extremists failed to stop or disrupt this meeting. A timid city council caved in at the demands of the right wingers to stop all "controversy" at the public library. ACLU is preparing its court case against the city of Burbank, for clear and flagrant violation of the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights (free speech and assembly).

The question arises: how great is the distance between censorship in the library auditorium and censorship on the bookshelves? At which step of the escalation is book burning reached? Is this an isolated incident or is it the forerunner of a systematic campaign to "purify and sterilize" Library U.S.A.?

Theodore Schoenman

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The Decline of State

In this issue (p. 137) Charles Tait tells the story of the gradual supersession of the State Department by the Department of Defense. It is not so much that the military have muscled in—there was no necessity for rough tactics. The State Department and its civilian staff have sought out the military, deferred to them, and given them responsibilities which in previous U.S. history had never belonged to them. Thus problem situations all over the world have come to be defined in military terms, with diplomacy playing a subsidiary role if any role at all.

A revealing light is thrown on this sinister process by an imbroglio that recently engaged the attention of Senators Morse and Fulbright. American University's Special Operations Research Office was set up in 1956 as one of the innumerable "nonprofit" outfits conducting research for Defense on whatever the department conceived to be within its ever-widening sphere of interest. One of SORO's operations was "Project Camelot," the purpose of which was to identify factors involved in social change and, in the words of one reporter, "suggest possible actions for forestalling violence and a breakdown in government." The locale in this case was Chile. Our ambassador in Chile, Ralph Dungan, knew nothing about this enterprise; either his superiors in Washington were ignorant of what was going on or they did not bother to inform him. It was all left to the delicate sensibilities and mature judgment of the soldiers and the SORO social scientists. However, when news stories appeared and the Chilean Government protested, Dungan complained to Washington and the project was provisionally canceled.

The Camelot social scientists were mobilized under another name and set of initials—Special Activities Group (SAG) — and are currently at work on new proposals for the Army. A number of similar studies are in progress: "Task Simpatico" for Colombia, "Task Colony" for Peru. Most of these are designed to provide the basis for "civic action" programs, which Senator Fulbright found to be essentially counter-revolutionary. He said he was concerned about such projects, not only because they gave offense to the intellectuals of the countries involved but "because I believe there lies beneath the jargon of 'science,' in which these studies abound, a reactionary backward-looking policy opposed to change. Implicit in Camelot, as in the concept of 'counterinsurgency,' is an assumption that revolutionary movements are dangerous to the interests of the United States and that the United States must be prepared to assist, if not actually participate in, measures to repress them. . . ."

The key to this "intervention by research" is to be found in appropriations. The Department of Defense has $6.7 billion for research and development—more than 1,000 times the $5.9 million allotted to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Defense has at its disposal $23 million for research in the behavioral and social sciences, as opposed to $3.5 million for *all* forms of research and intelligence in the State Department.

The Defense Department has now agreed that all projects that affect foreign relations must henceforth be cleared through the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, who presumably will take someone in the Department of State into his confidence. But the problem remains. The State Department created a vacuum and the Defense Department, abetted by eager academics, proceeded to fill it. President Eduardo Frei Montalva of Chile told Ambassador Dungan that militarism might become as dangerous to Latin American democracy as communism is supposed to be. Militarism has been defined by Hannah Vogt as the *"abdication of the political way of thinking in the interest of the military one."* It is a perfect description of the State Department's role in recent years.

Firm Denial

Further evidence of the abject performance of the State Department is provided by the "firm denial" which the department issued when first queried about Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew's charge that he had been offered a $3 million bribe to release a CIA agent who had been attempting—with a clumsiness characteristic of the agency—to buy security secrets in Singapore. In a matter of hours, the department was forced to withdraw its denial. Our Ambassador in Kuala Lumpur, James D. Bell, was also made to look ridiculous because he, too, had issued a "firm denial" of the charge.

Nor is the Singapore incident an isolated case. In *The New York Times* of September 2, Seymour Topping provides an interesting run-down of similar incidents in Southeast Asia. At one time or another, Burma, Cambodia and Indonesia have, with good reason, complained of hostile operations against their governments conducted by the CIA. Activities of this sort have left a heritage of anti-Americanism in the region that will cause trouble for American diplomacy for a long time to come.

These embarrassments would not have occurred if the State Department had been directed by men with a proper respect for its role and function. The trouble is that successive Secretaries of State in the postwar period have abjectly surrendered, without audible protest, a large measure of the department's traditional responsibilities to the Department of Defense and to the Central Intelligence Agency.

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The New York Election

Whether the City of New York is any longer governable is an open question, but in this year's election the voters have been given a chance to put the proposition to a fair test. Divisions within the Democratic Party have flushed out some likely candidates.

In the September 14 primary, Democratic voters will be offered not an echo but several choices. Beame, Screvane, O'Dwyer and Ryan are better than average candidates and the competition among them has dramatized the key issues. Orin Lehman, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Comptroller on the Screvane slate, is an exceptionally well-qualified candidate who brings to the dispirited politics of New York a family name and tradition long identified with public service in the city and the state.

Of the Democratic candidates for mayor, Rep. William F. Ryan stands first in our ratings. He has been an able, energetic and courageous Representative, and in his handling of issues in the primary campaign he has demonstrated a real flare for big-city politics.

Looking beyond the primary, *The Nation*'s choice will be Rep. John V. Lindsay. Whether Mr. Lindsay, if elected, could succeed in governing a virtually ungovernable city is, to repeat, an open question; but he would bring to this formidable task the necessary qualities of character, intelligence and leadership.

The Air Force Takes Over

At the 1961 convention of the American Rocket Society, General Bernard A. Schriever, the commanding general of the Air Force Systems Command, told the delegates that "the ability to operate in space may be the key to our national survival." *The Nation*'s reporter followed him around as he sounded this theme at press conferences, a big luncheon meeting, private interviews, televised panel sessions, and wherever the bull was thrown. *The Nation* saw little chance that in the long run the Air Force could be limited to the 100,000-foot ceiling then imposed on it, with the ostensibly civilian NASA in charge of the vast domain beyond. Now the Air Force generals and their legislative allies (some of whom, like Barry Goldwater, are also Air Force officers) have won a long running battle, and Schriever will head up the "Manned Orbital Laboratory" program as well as the Systems Command. Lyndon B. Johnson was never one to thwart the Air Force, and he will now be happy to see it thrive in space alongside NASA, his other love.

The outlook is that NASA will thrive less, and the Air Force more, for Schriever and company are not accustomed to sharing their domain on a live-and-let-live basis. Not that NASA is in danger of early starvation—enough of it must be preserved to lend some public relations substance to the shadow of the 1958 Space Act, which dedicated our efforts up there exclusively to "peaceful purposes for the benefit of mankind." The President paid touching tribute to this noble concept when, in his announcement that MOL would soon be orbiting, he reiterated that "our American dream for outer space is a dream of peace." With the moist-eyed gaze he reserves for such occasions, he used the right word. It is indeed a dream, and General Schriever can be relied on to treat it as such.

Of course the Air Force has not been waiting for the MOL go-ahead to pursue its aims in space. Nor have the Russians. The empyrean is already full of Russian and American hardware equipped with elaborate sensing and photographic apparatus to observe what is going on down below. But the Air Force, like the Chinese Reds, believes that man is the decisive force in war, and they want airmen in space where they can not only observe but act. The $1.5 billion MOL program announced by Mr. Johnson is hardly more than an Air Force version of the NASA Gemini program, but it is only a beginning. From it, by all indications, an aerospace force will not develop according to any dream of peace but the strategy and technology of war. The Air Force wants the capability to intercept the reconnaissance satellites of the enemy and end their nefarious activities. It would like to do all the observing and deny it to the enemy. If men can do this better than unmanned hunter spacecraft, the Russians will be sending their astronauts aloft for the same purpose. A glorious prospect emerges. In the vacuum of space, where man has all he can do to survive, men who happen to have been born in different parts of the earth will be killing one another for God and country.

The Biggest Gimmick

America, the land of opportunity, is also the Elysium of the sales gimmick. In dollar volume, no other gimmick can approach the trading stamp industry or, as it prefers to be called, the premium incentive business. Its prosperity is a living proof that P. T. Barnum knew what he was talking about. But now a cloud appears on the stamp horizon. Rep. Lester L. Wolff, an enterprising freshman Congressman from New York, has been asking questions about the inner workings of the stamp business and getting answers from food chains and other retailers, but when he invited representatives of the stamp companies, none showed up. They sent observers to the informal meetings, they sent lobbyists to try to dissuade Mr. Wolff from pursuing his inquiry, but they are not going to talk unless a formal Congressional investigation is launched and subpoenas are issued.

Representative Wolff became interested in trading stamps because he suspected that this essentially parasitic industry might be a factor in the steadily rising cost of living. Over $38 billion in annual retail sales is tied in with stamps, including 43 per cent of all food sold in the United States. Food markets operate on a low margin of profit—between 0.5 and 2 per cent of sales—while stamps cost the stores 2 to 3 per cent. The ratio may be even higher when mar-

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kets try to beat the competition with double or triple stamp days. The companies used to claim that the stamps were paid for out of increased volume, and this was true when the first store in the neighborhood to adopt stamps took customers away from other stores; but now that the saturation point has been reached it must be clear that neither the consumer nor the merchant is getting something for nothing.

In effect the housewife (the clientele of the premium store is almost entirely female) is supporting a parallel, high-priced retailing system. The stamp houses are already the largest wholesale buyers of small appliances like toasters and heating pads, which they distribute at the manufacturers' inflated list prices, on which the stamp collector more often than not pays a sales tax. The intelligent housewife is forced into defensive stamp collection, since she knows she is paying for the stamps, willy-nilly. Undoubtedly many women revel in perusing the premium catalogues and choosing "gifts" for themselves and their loved ones, but why should the sensible housewife be forced to pay extra for the food her family needs in exchange for overpriced merchandise they don't need?

Another point raised by Representative Wolff is that the Internal Revenue Service may have been too indulgent with the stamp interests. Company practice is to file corporate income tax returns on the basis that not less than 95 per cent of the issued stamps will be redeemed. But the actual redemption ratio is generally estimated at 90 per cent, and some industry estimates range as low as 80 per cent. Whatever the true figures, the difference is gravy for the companies. Redemption is usually prompt—six to twelve months—yet the companies hold back $50 million a year against stamps that may never be presented for redemption. Since 1950, they have accumulated $950 million in reserves against 384 billion stamps, most of which will still be unredeemed at the Last Judgment.

Some food chains in the Northeast are beginning to rebel against the stamp imposition, but at the same time, with the price of medicines already high, drug stores are going under the yoke. *The Nation* has always been opposed to promotions of this type. [See editorial, "The Trading Stamp Mystique," October 5, 1964, and "Trading Stamps—The Welcome Hoax," by Desmond Smith, October 26, 1963.] It is high time for a full-dress investigation which will bring all the facts to light.

The Return of Flying Saucers . . . Daniel Cohen

On July 26, 1952, the U.S. Air Force diverted all commercial air traffic away from Washington, D.C., and sent up jets to defend the city from invasion by invisible spaceships. Radar operators had detected a number of unexplained "blips" on their screens, and although the weather then prevailing in Washington had produced similar "blips" on other occasions, the flying-saucer "flap" had by then reached such intensity that meteorology was ignored in extraterrestrial panic.

Compared to the boom years of 1947-58, flying saucers have today fallen into relative obscurity, but there are still thousands of people in the United States who believe passionately that the earth is being visited regularly by great numbers of spaceships from other worlds. Every unexplained light in the sky is a possible spaceship, every unexplained hole in the ground a sign of a possible spaceship landing, and anybody who calls this nonsense is a possible agent of a giant conspiracy to hide the truth. Some of the enthusiasts are quite mad, but surprisingly, the majority are sane and often very intelligent. Yet they have remained in this bizarre state of mind for nearly twenty years. Flying saucers are, as one commentator has termed them, "a major myth of the space age."

The Air Force is still patiently investigating reports of saucer sightings. In the latest information sheet it notes that since 1947 it has investigated 9,127 cases of sightings. Of these only 667 are now classed as "unexplained." Any unusual bit of publicity will bring in a new flood of sightings. This happened last January when *True* magazine ran another "flying saucers are really here now!" article by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe (U.S.M.C. Ret.). The article resulted in a healthy jump in newsstand sales for *True*, and Major Keyhoe's organization, the National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), got some 3,000 letters from saucer-seeing readers.

During the summer of 1965 the country experienced the biggest wave of saucer sightings it has had in years. Large numbers of reports came in from Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, and from as far east as Chicago. Newspapers gave saucer stories prominent display and flying saucers again became a common topic of dinner-table conversation. One of the saucers that was seen over Texas was even photographed. The picture showed only an indistinct light, but according to *The Christian Science Monitor* of Aug. 16, "It makes the clearest case yet for a thorough look at the saucer mystery."

Officers at Project Blue Book, the Air Force's agency charged with investigating saucer reports, calmly pointed out that the sightings were most likely cases of mistaken identification of the planet Jupiter and four prominent stars, due to unusual atmospheric conditions that "gave them a scintillating effect." But such an explanation was hardly satisfactory to the man who thought he had seen a spaceship.

The original flying saucers were seen by Kenneth Arnold, a salesman and veteran pilot. On June 24, 1947, Arnold was flying his private plane over the Cascade Mountains in Washington when he

Daniel Cohen is managing editor of Science Digest.

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saw nine bright, disk-shaped objects approaching Mt. Rainier. The disks were probably a mirage caused by the mountains, but to Arnold they looked like strange craft traveling at almost 1,700 miles an hour. Arnold's story was picked up as a "silly season" item by newspapers all over the country and Arnold found himself the butt of a lot of jokes.

But one person who read Arnold's story didn't laugh. He was Raymond A. Palmer, editor of Ziff-Davis Publishing Company's science-fiction magazines, *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures*. Palmer was, and is, devoted to the idea that truth is stranger than fiction. He had already published a collection of "true stories" known as *The Great Shaver Mystery*. The articles were written by Richard S. Shaver, a Pennsylvania welder, who claimed to have a racial memory of the fabled continents of Lemuria, Atlantis and Mu. All the old mystic tales were there, but Shaver and Palmer breathed new life into them. It was effective stuff: people began to come upon Shaver's evil deros (detrimental robots) as they popped up from beneath the ground.

By 1948, the Shaver mystery was losing its grip on the science-fiction audience; circulation was slipping. Palmer then took up the cause of flying saucers. In the first issue of his new magazine, *Fate* ("true stories of the strange, the unusual and the unknown"), published in the spring of 1948, he printed an article under Arnold's byline entitled, "I Did See The Flying Disks."

Fate had limited appeal and to most people saucers were still a joke, but a series of deaths took the humor out of them. In June of 1948, two men reported seeing six saucers near Tacoma, Wash. Palmer sent Arnold to investigate. The men told Arnold that the saucers had dropped metallic fragments on their boat and showed him some lumps of slag as proof. Puzzled by the story, Arnold notified Army Intelligence. Two officers from Hamilton Air Force Base, Calif., arrived and after an investigation decided that the whole thing was a hoax. As they were returning to base their plane crashed and both officers were killed. The cause of the crash was determined to be entirely natural, but Arnold was convinced that it had been due to extraterrestrial sabotage, and Palmer wrote darkly that he "wanted no more dead men on his hands."

A genuinely mysterious death took place on January 7 of that year when Capt. Charles Mantell was killed in a crash of his P-51 while chasing what he thought was a flying saucer. The almost certain cause of this tragedy has now been established. Mantell must have blacked out and crashed while pursuing a giant plastic skyhook balloon. These instrument-carrying balloons, sometimes 100 feet or more in diameter, were launched quite frequently during 1948. Although they were easy to see and thus produced a large number of saucer reports, they were officially classified as secret until 1950. Mantell did not know what he had seen; neither did the public. Those who did know couldn't say anything. Imagination ran wild.

For the rest of 1948 and 1949, reports of sightings continued to pour in. The Air Force was naturally interested in any unknown craft that might be cruising U.S. air space and started an investigation. At first the investigators were inexperienced and their explanations were unconvincing. To the believer, simple inefficiency could not account for the garbled reports. The reason was more sinister — conspiracy.

In December, 1949, Major Keyhoe produced his first saucer sensation for *True*. It was "The Flying Saucers are Real," and was one of the most successful articles in magazine history. By pulling together the best saucer sightings and adding his authoritative-sounding interpretation, Keyhoe managed to convince a lot of people that there were spaceships in the sky. After that everybody jumped in. One news commentator said the saucers were from Russia. Columnist Henry J. Taylor said they were a secret U.S. Air Force project. *U.S. News & World Report* agreed. Even *The New York Times* ran an editorial entitled, "Those Flying Saucers — Are They or Aren't They?" *True* kept banging away with new "revelations." *Look* publicized "The Hunt for the Flying Saucers." *Life* asked, "Have We Visitors From Outer Space?" Worried now, the Air Force gave investigation of saucer reports high priority and drafted a panel of civilian scientists to help.

Meteors, mirages, balloons, birds and a host of other things began to be flying saucers to a confused public. There were some hoaxes but they were usually crude and did not form the backbone of saucer sightings. If someone thought he had seen a spaceship it was difficult to convince him that he had not. Even the Air Force was puzzled. As late as 1956, Edward J. Ruppelt, former head of the saucer-investigation project, wrote a book in which he concluded that he had never found any evidence that spaceships were cruising the earth, but added that all the reports couldn't be written off. Perhaps the galactic Magellans were there after all.

There were other more typically American responses. One radio personality billed himself as "the flying disc jockey." Manufacturers of children's toys brought out toy saucers. There were saucerburgers and flying-saucer candy. But public interest can be maintained on rumor for just so long. Reports continued to come in, but they were all of the same vague type. No spaceship landing had ever been reliably reported and no little green men had turned up at the White House. Interest began to fade.

When the saucer tide receded, it left behind a hard core of dedicated believers. And, as is typical of true believers, they have split into a number of mutually hostile factions.

There have probably been 100 or more flying-saucer groups in the United States during the last twenty years. Some have thousands of members. Others are composed of the founder and a few friends, sometimes just the founder. Groups are born, die and are replaced by a different arrangement of the same people under a new organizational name. One thing they always do, if they can put a few dollars together and get their hands on a mimeograph machine, is publish.

On one fringe today are the "contactees," those who have actually seen, talked to, or communicated telepathically with space people. An example of a contactee group is The Star Light Fellowship. They meet in New York City to hear messages from the space people "instrumented telepathically through the Direct Voice Method of Mental Channelship by Jackie White Star." Messages are received from The Interplanetary Moon

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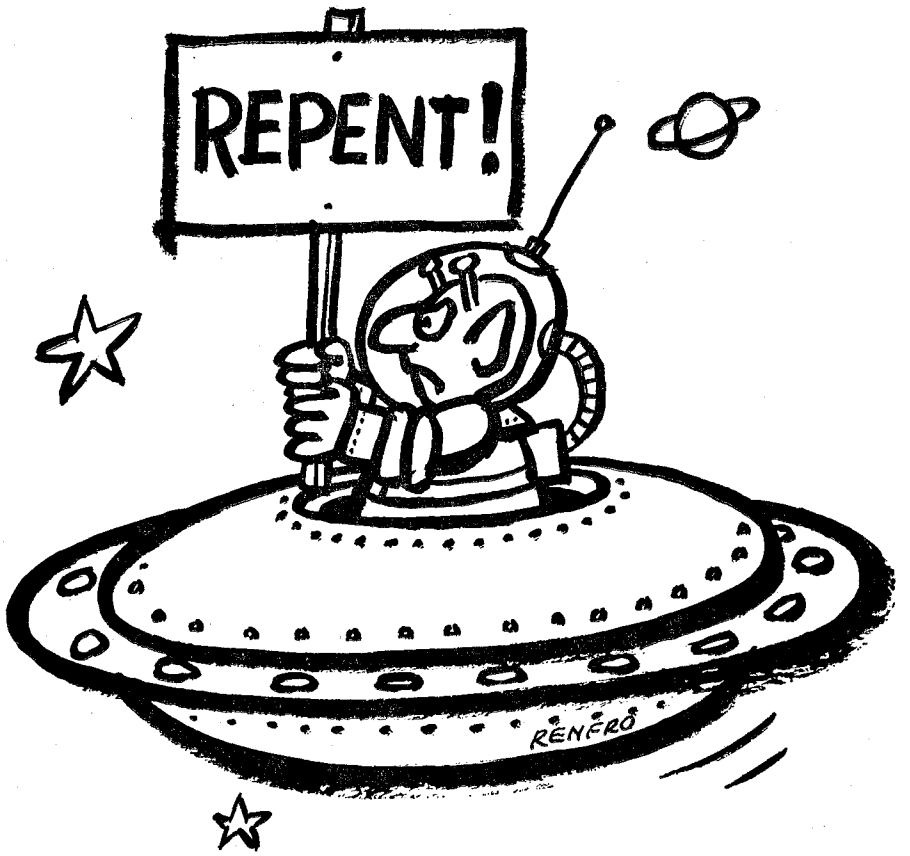

Council, June of Venus, U-Ray-Ma of Mars and other Buck Rogerish figures. Jackie White Star also hears from Medgar Evers and Pope John XXIII. All messages are a mixture of hope, cheer and a fuzzy, mystic Christianity.

Flying-saucer contacts are reported regularly in the Hollywood-based *Cosmic Star*, perhaps the largest metaphysical-psychic publication in the country. The story of a California man who boarded a spaceship that landed near his home can be found in the same issue with an announcement of a Chicago psychic convention which will feature the clairvoyant, Peter Hurkos.

The most successful contactee was George Adamski. In 1952, he met and talked with the pilot of a flying saucer from Venus. After that he reported many chats with space people and even a trip to the moon via saucer. Adamski's book, *Inside the Space Ships*, attracted far greater attention than a book of this type usually gets. Until his death this year he toured the world, lecturing on his experiences. Naturally Adamski's success inspired a host of imitators.

Somewhere in the middle of the ideological road is *Saucer News*, published by The Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society of Fort Lee, N.J. The editors of *Saucer News* do not automatically accept the claims of the contactees, but are sympathetic to all but the most extravagant. They are interested in the facts of saucer sightings but are equally interested in what they conceive to be the philosophical implications of saucers.

In their June issue, Peter Kor, a veteran of millions of words of saucer speculation, wrote: "The saucer movement is nothing less than a spontaneous religious revolution in process! Almost unconsciously, it is forcing a reformulation of the basic existential questions in the public mind."

On the extreme right of the saucer spectrum is the largest and most influential of the saucer groups, Major Keyhoe's NICAP. Estimates of NICAP membership run as high as 5,000. The group emphatically rejects the contactees and almost all other saucer groups —in fact, it emphatically rejects the term flying saucer. Saucers, they correctly point out, have been seen in many shapes: round, spherical, square and cigarlike, and in many sizes ranging from the tiny to the enormous. They prefer the term Unidentified Flying Objects or UFOs.

The organization has a heavy military-technological bias. Most of the sightings they report seem to take place over military installations and NICAP regards the word of a serviceman, pilot or police officer as far more reliable than that of an ordinary citizen. They devote approximately equal energy to investigating reports and harassing the Air Force.

NICAP has four basic beliefs: (1) That UFOs are spaceships; (2) that the Air Force knows this and is covering up the facts; (3) that the only solution to the UFO problem is a Congressional investigation; and (4) that NICAP is made up of serious, intelligent, responsible people who are not at all like the rest of those saucer nuts.

Understandably, other saucer groups resent this attitude and strike back in various ways. The June issue of *Saucer News* carried the headline, "Is NICAP an Air Force Front?" The article didn't contain any facts but reached plenty of conclusions: NICAP is headed by an ex-military man and a lot of ex-military men are members; NICAP is also very strict and stuffy compared with other groups. Therefore, NICAP has been set up by the military to smother all real saucer investigation in boredom.

This accusation was comparatively mild. In 1958, *Flying Saucers* published an article which insisted that NICAP, all the other saucer groups, the Air Force, and just about everyone else were dupes of "minds schooled in deception and contraception *[sic]* — the elite corps of the Central Intelligence Agency." Just what the CIA was covering up, and why, was not made clear. The conspiracy fantasy plays an important part in saucer lore.

NICAP's drive for respectability is almost touching. It proudly lists its Board of Governors and Advisors, which include engineers, military officers, clergymen, doctors and several professors. Some members also claim that the group includes Congressmen, Senators and a former head of the CIA, although their names are not published.

Keyhoe proudly quotes Barry Goldwater as saying, "I am indeed interested in UFOs. I frankly feel that there is a great deal to this

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and I have discussed it often with many Air Force officers."

The United States is not the only country with saucer enthusiasts. One of the slickest saucer publications today comes from Japan. The French, who take a more theoretical approach, have contributed much sophisticated pseudo-scientific hash to saucer lore. Aimé Michel claimed that saucers drew their tremendous power from an unknown electromagnetic force.

Brazil has had a particularly embarrassing time with saucers. In 1958, a group of faked saucer pictures was presented to the Brazilian Government. After weeks of dispute they were released to the press as genuine by the President of Brazil himself. On July 12 of this year, *The New York Times* reported sightings in Britain, France, Portugal, the Azores and Deception Island in the Antarctic.

Science popularizers like Isaac Asimov and Willy Ley have made occasional forays against the saucer enthusiasts. At a lecture Asimov once said, "I think anyone who believes in flying saucers is a crackpot." Most scientists, however, simply don't want to get involved and ignore the whole thing. One who does get involved is the astronomer and astrophysicist Donald H. Menzel. For years, Dr. Menzel has carried on a one-man war with the enthusiasts in books, articles, on radio and television and in the columns of the saucer publications. He has traveled thousands of miles to investigate saucer reports. Among the believers he has a place next to the Air Force as the chief instrument of the powers of darkness.

The saucer enthusiast is ever hopeful. NICAP's *The UFO Investigator* announces a "wave of important new sightings" in its April issue. Readers are told to prepare, because at any moment a saucer might land where it can be seen by hundreds, or fly at a low altitude over a city where thousands can see it. Failing such contacts, "rapidly growing UFO evidence can end the censorship; more and more cracks have appeared in the secrecy wall."

The breathless anticipation that at any moment they will be proved stunningly right, and all their detractors will bow their heads in shock and shame, keeps saucer morale high. But for how much longer? The saucer groups are probably doomed to extinction as older members die and others, disillusioned by the coyness of the space people, drift off to other interests.

Still, there is something about the saucer myth that holds the imagination. The various groups have had some success in recruiting high school and college students who could not have experienced the intoxicating excitement of "the big flap." Belief in saucers, as in anything else, generates a sense of community, and gives the believers a feeling of superiority over cloddish outsiders who refuse to see what is so obvious. It becomes a convenient weapon with which to strike back at an indifferent governmental or military bureaucracy. It gives the believer a chance to thumb his nose at all those smart-guy scientists who talk about all sorts of things he can't understand but are too stupid to know that the world is surrounded by spaceships. And most important of all, it promises that the whole dull pattern of ordinary day-to-day life may be drastically altered at any moment, and only the chosen few will be prepared for the big change.

A saucer renaissance, perhaps touched off by space-exploration activity, is always possible. This summer's saucer sightings have doubtless made many new converts. Even if the movement does languish, the flying saucer will never really die. It has become, like Atlantis and the Great Pyramid, an integral part of mystic literature.

PORTUGAL

Imperialism on Credit . . . . . Antonio de Figueiredo

London

The comment being made by many Portuguese on the re-election of 70-year-old Admiral Americo Tomas on July 25 for a new seven-year term of office as President was that his insistence on remaining in power could spring only from the naval tradition whereby the captain is expected to go down with his ship. Yet the tranquil façade of Portugal this past summer was such that the casual visitor could hardly have grasped the reasons for this sense of doom.

The apathy of the Portuguese was partly caused by the re-election itself. For the first time since a constitutional amendment abolished universal suffrage in 1959, the President was to be elected by an electoral college comprising the members of the National Assembly, the Corporative Chamber, and representatives of municipalities and legislative councils from Portugal and the overseas provinces. The facts that only 556 of the 582 members of the college turned up for the ceremony, and that there were thirteen blank votes cast in protest for the mere formality of the re-election of a single candidate, seem to indicate that even the long-dormant consciences of some of the power elite in Portugal were pricked by the significance of the event. The constitutional amendment, which came soon after and was partly prompted by General Humberto Delgado's agitated campaign in 1958, has been one of the main factors behind the ferment in Portuguese politics over the past few years.

The Portuguese President, as head of state, is empowered to appoint or dismiss the Prime Minister, Dr. Salazar, who is—constitutionally at least—no more than a strongman by proxy. Under universal suffrage it was theoretically possible for the opponents of the regime to elect a candidate of their own choice. He would then, according to plan, dismiss Dr. Salazar, appoint a new prime minister, and open the way for what was known in Portuguese politics as "the constitutional *coup d'état*."

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In years past, the opposition's efforts centered on this possibility. When Dr. Salazar was more vigorous, they repeatedly saw their plans frustrated by electoral rigging; whether their candidates resigned on the eve of election day or, like General Delgado, stood for election, they achieved little more than the temporary embarrassment of the regime. Now, however, when Dr. Salazar's age is a factor in Portuguese politics, the constitutional amendment has acquired even greater importance; the Presidential election is bound up with the problem of the succession of Dr. Salazar and the very survival of the regime. In the event of Dr. Salazar's death or retirement, the responsibility for the succession of the prime minister will fall on the President; in the event of the latter's death another equally suitable candidate would be found for election by the Portuguese regime's own electoral college.

Direct universal suffrage still applies for the 130 members of the National Assembly, whose election also takes place later in the year. But the government has refused to allow the creation of a Christian Democratic Party, and with censorship, State Police (PIDE) vigilance and doubtful electoral rolls and practices, the opposition has very little chance to compete against the government's own publicly financed National Union (Uniao Nacional) party. Since, in any case, the National Assembly members are only a *part* of the electoral college, and there are still other government bodies intervening over the eligibility of candidates, the legalistic citadel has become virtually invulnerable.

Against this background it is necessary to place the element of desperation that has characterized the opposition's actions. The seizure of the *Santa Maria* in 1961, the abortive Beja uprising in 1962, General Delgado's foolhardy conspiratorial visit to Spain that ended in his brutal assassination earlier this year are part of a wide and dramatic struggle. The Portuguese opposition is unique in that it is the only democratic movement to depart from the respectability of European politics, to operate under a central *Frente de Liberacao Nacional* (National Liberation Front) in exile in Algiers.

Inside Portugal itself two alternatives remain. One, mostly preferred by the younger generation and equally desperate, is to join clandestine organizations, largely controlled by the Communists. These belong either to the classic *Partido Comunista*, specializing in long-term indoctrination, or to its rival, the more militant *F.A.P.* (Popular Action Front). Both are linked to the exile movement that operates among the Portuguese settled in Brazil (a former Portuguese colony, still the home of 1 million Portuguese-born); France (where there are an estimated 200,000 Portuguese immigrants, many of them illegal); Morocco, Algiers and wherever Portuguese are found. Lately there have emerged some equally desperate radical and Catholic groups, since Portugal is perhaps the only Catholic country in the world where underground Catholic publications, such as *Direito a Informaçao* (The Right to Know), are circulated along with illegal Communist newspapers. The other alternative, paradoxically, is the exercise of the only constitutional right that is open to the opposition—that of appealing to the President, such as he is, to dismiss the prime minister and appoint a more conciliatory government.

It has long been a feature of Portuguese politics that groups of elderly men, the identifiable torch carriers of Portuguese liberalism, periodically write to or are received by the President, to whom they try to explain the opposition's view of the state of the nation. The group, Social Democratic Action, is headed by Senhor Cunha Leal, a former Republican prime minister, and Prof. Mario de Azevedo Gomes, a former Republican minister. The group enjoys a semi-tolerated status, partly because five of its fifteen directorate and secretariat members are in their 70s, partly because they are all on indefinite bail for previous charges. Earlier this year, apparently due to a mistake on the part of the censor, their statements were published in a daily Lisbon newspaper. Their periodical submissions to the President, nevertheless, can be said to form a historical record of the opposition's doctrine on national issues, especially those affecting the crucial problem of the empire.

When Dr. Salazar integrated the colonies in the constitution as overseas provinces of a single Portugal, the Social Democrats were quick to warn that the expedient would not work out. The status

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of colonies, they argued, implied at least a transition; the new status was tantamount to a unilateral territorial annexation that could only lead to trouble, as it meant the perpetuation of Portuguese rule. Successively they alerted the regime to the impending rebellion in Angola in 1961, and tried to find an honorable solution to the Goan question. So far they have been remarkably accurate in their prophesies.

Now, when Portugal is apparently holding its own on three colonial fronts in Portuguese Guinea, Mozambique and Angola (all of which are beset by guerrilla warfare), and despite the existence of a small colonial boom in both Angola and Mozambique (exports have more than doubled in the past few years), the opposition still anticipates disaster. Defense expenditure already takes up as much as 40 per cent of the budgets of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique, often as much as the combined total spent on social assistance and education. Portuguese Guinea, where there are now more Portuguese troops than settlers, has long been a liability. In order to meet the dual task of maintaining an estimated 100,000-man military and police apparatus dispersed in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique, and stepping up economic and social development in a race against time, Portugal has had to increase taxes to the extent of wiping out the gradual improvement in living standards that was beginning to be felt after the first thirty years of dictatorial rule.

Moreover, Portugal's economic future is now heavily mortgaged. Since 1961, the flow of incoming capital, through investments and public and private loans, has averaged £30 million annually, a large sum by Portuguese standards. In the crucial year of 1962, West Germany alone contributed with a loan of 250 million marks; from 1963 to 1965, the amount of loans granted by United States and European banks exceeds $100 million, at rates varying from 5½ to 5¾ per cent and terms between five and twenty years. In addition to the already considerable foreign stake in the economies of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique, the opposition argues, the economic partnership offered to West German, Belgian, Japanese, British, American, French and South African investors and creditors will be a threat to Portuguese sovereignty. West Germany, now one of the main exporters of goods and capital to the Portuguese escudo area, already has secured a major military establishment in Portugal, including an air base at Beja.

In addition, the phase of international police collusion with South Africa and Rhodesia has been superseded by an increasing trend toward military and economic integration of Angola and Mozambique in the white supremacist bloc now

in the making in southern Africa.

The premise of Dr. Salazar's policies is that financial commitments will be paid by increased earnings with the export trade of the overseas territories. Politically he believes that the apparent incompatibility between Portugal's nonracist legislation and South Africa's apartheid will maintain the distinctive political entity of Angola and Mozambique. On the international level he hopes that the West will eventually and openly rally behind the white-dominated bloc in southern Africa, to form a Formosa-like citadel against the less reliable forces of Pan-Africanism. The Portuguese Foreign Minister, Franco Nogueira, has repeatedly pointed out that the United States and British attitudes toward Southeast Asia are an encouraging precedent for Western support in the event of Africa's own liberation wars, waged from the independent territories north of Mozambique and Angola.

The long-term risk of such policies, the opposition contends, is that Dr. Salazar is committing the country to perpetual colonialism and war; his policies, even in a purely Portuguese context, might be too clever by half.

No one welcomes Dr. Salazar's imperialism on credit more than the strong white element in Mozambique and Angola who are now being flooded by South Africa's apartheid propaganda. Unless one believes that their reactions to southern Africa's social and racial environment were miraculously different from those of white South Africans and Rhodesians, one can easily understand why they are becoming increasingly sympathetic toward their white neighbors. In Angola there are now an estimated 220,000 whites as opposed to 4.5 million blacks; in Mozambique, the equivalent figures are 120,000 to 6.5 million.

Until recently Africans were governed by a native statute which reduced them to the condition of wards of the administration; illiteracy was as high as 99 per cent. Since they did not qualify for the vote, the statute was a natural form of political apartheid. In 1961, in the wave of legislative reforms that were made necessary owing to the international pressure that followed the rebellion in northern Angola, the *indigenato* system was abolished and the franchise extended to all literate Africans. At the same time education for Africans was stepped up to such an extent that in both Angola and Mozambique the number of rudimentary schools increased by 50 per cent. New lyceums (high schools) and technical schools were opened in all main towns; universities in both Angola and Mozambique were established in 1964. A form of apartheid still persists in the requirement of primary (not rudimentary) school examination for the right to vote. Even so, the overall consequence is that the percentage of the 1 million-odd Africans now attending school, who could qualify for the vote, will in a decade or so be greater than that of white voters. Under Dr. Salazar, citizenship rights may mean very little, but the implications in the future of equality between whites and blacks might mean that Africans could come to occupy power

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legally by sheer weight of numbers.

The government's propaganda has managed only to deceive those who conceive it. It consists of emphasizing, for the benefit of international diplomatic opinion, the comparison in negatives between the alleged Portuguese racial tolerance and South Africa's apartheid, or the segregation prevailing in colonies formerly under British rule. According to the regime's theorists, the Portuguese were somehow endowed with a historical vocation for contacts with peoples of different races and creeds. The fact is that in southern Africa apartheid is the absolute negative on which all comparisons must be based; as long ago as the 1940s, the South Africans have been saying that the Rhodesians, the Mozambicans and the Angolans would adopt apartheid when conditions were ripe.

The racial *tolerance* of the Portuguese for Africans in their own land is still based on a deeply ingrained sense of their own racial superiority. In practice it results from the differences in income and social standards which run along the boundaries of race, thus creating a natural color barrier in everyday life. The changes that will follow the simultaneous rise in living standards of a new class of African white-collar workers—including education and the franchise—have introduced incipient racist philosophies into minds of white Angolans and Mozambicans. These, however, are disguised in oversimplified forms of ideological suspicion toward the hundreds of Africans who are now jailed for nationalist activities. Already Dr. Salazar has had to curb the sympathetic tendencies of high-ranking military and administrative people who, after only a brief term of duty among Angolans and Mozambicans, have come to share the view that the future of Portuguese reaction is in the untapped territories of Angola and Mozambique, not in impoverished and exiguous Portugal.

In order to escape the dangers of African independence, Portugal is likely to end up, just the same as a bad debtor, after losing the colonies to the white Angolans and Mozambicans. Any major dislocation in Portugal, such as might be caused by Salazar's death, will be the white settlers' golden opportunity to follow the example of Rhodesia in proclaiming their own unilateral declaration of independence. In such circumstances Portugal would have crowned its long imperialist exploitation of Angola and Mozambique by contributing to the creation of a bloc in southern Africa that would, in years to come, be a threat to peace in Africa and the world. The establishment of foreign bases in Portugal, coupled with a keener interest on the part of Spain in the future of the only rebel Iberians who succeeded in escaping the rule of Madrid, is seen as an indication that Portugal's imperialism in Africa is being made at the expense of Portugal's own subordination to foreign influence.

These are some of the main factors that explain the sense of doom of Portuguese democrats. While the attentions of the world are diverted to successive crises in Vietnam and the frontiers of the cold war, they know that it would be useless to make pathetic appeals for the solidarity of progressive opinion in the world. Therefore, in my efforts here to state the case of the silenced and oppressed Portuguese democrats, I feel I should not mislead with partisan optimism. It is a painful fact that the assistance provided by the West and NATO to Salazar's regime is for the time being achieving some measure of containment, or postponement, of Portugal's moment of truth.

When one reflects on the race between the various forces that make up Portuguese politics — fascism, capitalism, white separatism, racial supremacy on the one hand, and those of radicalism, African nationalism, liberalism, communism on the other — one wonders how long a regime embodied in a 76-year-old dictator can last. The danger in the Portuguese situation is that no one, not even Salazar, really knows. The regime itself, in a recent statement refusing the creation of a Christian Democratic Party, admitted the possibility of civil war if parties were tolerated. By implication, it acknowledged that after forty years it can still do no better than impose a policy of containment in which peace is a euphemism for oppression. Perhaps the world, when it finally finds a solution for Vietnam, will discover that the process of disintegration of the Portuguese empire also did not develop overnight —it fermented in neglect until it was too far advanced for United Nations peace missions to bring a solution.

Whatever Happened to the State Department?

Charles W. Tait

In the first half of 1965 three events gave evidence of a dangerous new turn in American foreign policy: the dropping of Belgian paratroopers on Stanleyville, combined with support of the white South African mercenaries; the bombing of North Vietnam and commitment of American ground troops to South Vietnam in large numbers; and the unilateral military invasion of the Dominican Republic. Common to all three moves is an open reliance on military force. It is no longer a simple question of whether military men are making decisions that they are not qualified to make—and are supposedly forbidden to make under our tradition of government. They are making such decisions because our foreign policy is in the hands of *civilians* who are unable to view the world in other than military terms, because the military's overconfidence in solutions by force of arms and its restless impatience with less direct methods have infected civilian policy makers. And this has happened because the President, the Congress and much of the press have accepted the dangerously oversimplified view that

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America's foreign-policy problems are military, to be decided by military means, and at times and places of America's choosing.

More than ten years ago, C. Wright Mills described in *The Power Elite* how the American Government had come to view international reality in purely military terms. He showed how we had become convinced that peace was no longer a real goal but, at best, only "an uneasy interlude existing precariously by virtue of the balance of mutual fright." Similarly, in his lectures at Princeton in 1954 (*Realities of American Foreign Policy*, Princeton University Press), George Kennan pointed out how military considerations had become for us the only reality, and called attention to the dangers arising from our concentration on the military aspect of the Soviet threat. Both Mills and Kennan deplored the neglect of diplomacy that resulted from this change of view.

Subsequent events have only confirmed what Mills and Kennan said a decade ago. Having solved to our satisfaction the problem of containing communism by a system of military alliances and foreign bases, we believe that we have now also perfected the military means for solving the problem of Communist revolution and military insurrection within the perimeter of our influence. We have the military and technical means to intervene quickly and decisively almost anywhere in the world, without consulting anyone, without regard for treaties, and without even a decent regard for the opinions of mankind. And we have shown this year that we intend to make full use of these means whenever and wherever we are convinced that the situation calls for them.

Where is this to stop? Already there are signs that a conflict with China, far from being something we are trying to prevent, may be something we are trying to provoke. A section of the American military wanted to launch a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union in the years before the Russians had acquired their own atomic bombs. Given the background of American fear of China and the smarting, among the military, over the stalemated war in Korea, it is plausible that these views should again come to the surface as China moves toward nuclear arms. Surely we do not believe our own assertion that the escalated war in Vietnam, a war reaching up to the very borders of China, will provoke no Chinese response. It could be that we would welcome a response, any response, which would give us the pretense for a massive nuclear strike against China.

How has the military view of foreign affairs come to dominate the American mind? Our high command won a great victory in World War II, and won for itself great power and prestige as a consequence. Out of that war came vast new problems and responsibilities, and the military leaders seemed the only ones capable of handling them successfully. So General Marshall was entrusted with the important mission to China and later became Secretary of State.

But the military also controlled the two defeated and occupied enemy powers, Germany and Japan. In the chaotic postwar years, in the developing cold war, this meant a *military* control of policy in both Asia and Europe. The creation of NATO and the rearming of Western Germany as a full-fledged military partner have given a permanent military cast to American policy in Europe. In the Far East, Communist victory in China, followed almost at once by the invasion of South Korea, led to a permanent militarization of U.S. policy in that area as well.

In the absence of any other view, a military interpretation of foreign affairs was inevitable, and led to the permanent ascendancy within the counsels of government of military men. The aim of U.S. foreign policy has become the formation of military alliances, the establishment of military bases, the development of military-aid programs — even in areas such as Latin America, remote from Communist military threats. As the war-damaged economies of Europe and Asia recovered, foreign economic aid became foreign military aid, and the export of American military equipment is now a principal activity of the Pentagon. Military staffs have become a prominent part of every diplomatic mission and often overshadow all other diplomatic functions.

As a result, we have accepted the view which no other Western government has ever accepted (and no Communist government either, for that matter) that foreign-policy problems are basically military problems, that in fact the conduct of foreign policy is basically a military exercise. Everything from the European Common Market to the Indian development plan is viewed from a military perspective and, if there is trouble in an area like Vietnam, General Collins must be sent out to appraise the situation and make recommendations. If the situation gets worse, General Taylor must be dispatched to solve it. And if it becomes desperate, the resources of all four armed services must be directly employed in force.

Yet it is not right to talk loosely of military control of foreign policy. Soldiers have not seized power—they have done what they have been asked to do by their civilian superiors. It is not their fault if their way of looking at things, their way of solving problems, has been taken over as national policy. Civilians, represented by McNamara, McCone and Bundy, have convinced a President who is unsure of himself in affairs abroad that military solutions offer the quickest and most effective answers to the problems of foreign policy. The attraction lies not only in the directness and simplicity of actual military force. The air of technical efficiency and objectivity which surrounds decisions made by computers; the impressive apparatus of intelligence agencies with their networks of agents and almost instantaneous transmission of top-secret, evaluated intelligence to policy makers; the jet transports, aircraft carriers, helicopters, radio communications from Pentagon to forward command post —all these give an illusion of purposeful action. Is it any wonder that they impress men who worship technical gadgetry and pride themselves on their ability to make speedy executive decisions?

Unfortunately, even the most refined gadgetry cannot be a substitute for knowledge of men—knowledge of their history and knowledge of how and why they think and act as they do. David Halberstam, appraising McNamara's performance as Secretary of Defense, has said that he understands everything "except men and ideas." It is ironic that the first civilian Secretary of Defense to establish control over the Pentagon should end up as its most abject captive because he cannot understand the strange ideas, and still stranger behavior, of the men of Vietnam. But he is not alone in his ignorance and bewilderment.

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Professors, who are supposed to be particularly clever with ideas, have had the same difficulties.

McGeorge Bundy, the President's principal adviser on national security affairs, spoke to the Harvard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa last June on the four basic elements this nation must consider in its relations with the rest of the world. They were, in his view: U.S. military power as the key to peace; limited use of the United Nations; foreign aid; and the threat of communism. Mr. Bundy's list is an accurate summary of what the Administration sees as the true situation, with military power in first place. Conspicuously absent from his list of realities are the nationalism, anti-colonialism and social revolution which are convulsing Asia, Africa and Latin America, and the manifestations of which take up a lot of Mr. Bundy's time in Washington and his field trips as well. Of course, these factors do appear in Bundy's list—they are part of his definition of the threat of communism which we must oppose with military means, with economic aid and, when it suits our convenience, with limited use of the United Nations. So in the end Bundy's view of reality is as oversimplified and distorted as McNamara's. He too has no understanding of men and ideas, and prefers to move in the more manageable world of military power, economics and empty oratory before the United Nations.

Finally, the President himself has indicated in his many public statements on Vietnam and Santo Domingo that he has adopted the view of reality that sees only a vast Communist conspiracy and armed aggression that must be halted by superior military power, or bought off by vague promises of economic aid. His actions and his statements betray an ignorance of how other countries feel. President of a country convulsed by racial troubles, he can see no harm in sending white Belgian paratroopers into Stanleyville and supporting white South African mercenaries in the Congo. He can order Marines to Santo Domingo, without even notifying the OAS of his intentions, when Marines are the very symbol of U.S. interference in the affairs of the Caribbean republics. He can insist on the continued military occupation and partition of Vietnam, under a puppet government lacking any authority among its own people and held in power only by American power, and then go solemnly before the UN and ask that the northern part of that country, which he has placed under ceaseless air attack, be pressured into ceasing its aggression against its neighbor. These actions bespeak a poor sense of judgment in the White House, a loss of the sense of reality, a grasping at military straws, while the great waves of events beat over the heads of bewildered advisers and planners.

The United States Government has always said that the danger posed by Communist Russia and China flows from three sources: their aggressive, messianic pretensions toward the rest of the world; their highly developed military machines; and their ignorance of the true state of affairs outside their own borders, especially of their adversaries' willingness to fight. Yet even in the most trying days of Stalin we could count on the political prudence of the Soviet leaders and on their strict control over the Red army. But now in our own government, the boundary between responsible political judgment and rash military action has broken down. And it has done so because we have developed our own aggressive and messianic pretensions to-

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ward the rest of the world, and have misjudged both the limits of our own military power and the strength and determination of the forces arrayed against us. Just as the Germans and Japanese by 1941 had become reckless from their long series of easy victories and the steady retreat of their opponents, we too are now dizzy with success. Our victories in the Second World War, our holding the line in Germany, Korea and Formosa, our successful confrontation with Russia over Cuba—all these have given us an exaggerated confidence in our cleverness and strength, a disdain for prudence and compromise, and an itching desire to move on to greater and more decisive victories.

Perhaps none of this would have happened so easily if we had had all these years a vigorous and effective State Department with a decisive voice in the formation of American foreign policy. We do have a State Department and a foreign service, but the index of its present effectiveness and role in policy making has been Mr. Rusk's infrequent appearances this year to state the Administration's policies. Ten years ago, C. Wright Mills pointed out that America lacked a genuine civil service, and that nowhere was the lack of professional competence and detached judgment more conspicuous than in the Department of State. Prior to the Second World War we had a small and highly competent body of professionals in the foreign service; it matched, more or less, the rather limited role we chose to play in world affairs as a detached, neutral nation. But we had never developed a service that was fully professional —ambassadorial appointments remained part of the political spoils system, and the American people deeply distrusted both diplomacy and diplomats.

As the United States role in world affairs expanded rapidly after 1941, the State Department and the foreign service failed to expand correspondingly in power and influence. The basic reason for this was that our involvement, when it came, was overwhelmingly military, but continuing hostility and suspicion in Congress played its full part. So did the prominence of economic aid in our relations with other countries. The State Department voice became only one of many speaking on foreign affairs, and it was often a weak voice treating of things hard to understand and even harder to accept. For it was the unexpected victory of the Communist revolution in China, coming at a time when the United States was most apprehensive about the dangers of internal Communist subversion, which struck the first blow at the professionals of the department and foreign service. The campaign against the department was carried on by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, but it was aided and abetted by the new Republican Secretary of State who took office in January, 1953. John Foster Dulles not only failed to shield his department from attack; he gave the attackers key positions in the department from which to launch their destructive activities. He went far toward emasculating the department by disbanding the Policy Planning staff and by adopting an Olympian disregard for all internal counsel not in accord with his own rather simple and fixed ideas.

The result has been to reduce the Department of State and the foreign service to the status of a second-echelon agency that conducts certain technical overseas operations of the U.S. Government. It is difficult to believe that the State Department, if it had had any real say in the decisions made this year, would have allowed matters to proceed as they have. At the very least, it would have urged a greater solicitude for the political sensitivities of African and Latin American states, more recourse to consultation and discussion with friends and allies, keener appreciation of the long-range political effects of precipitate military actions. And from these there might even have arisen different policies!

The eclipse of the State Department has been accompanied by the rise of the Central Intelligence Agency to a decisive position of power in the formation of American foreign policy. This inscrutable agency had its origin in the wartime intelligence and secret-operation organization of the OSS, and it has never lost its semi-military character, its close links with the Pentagon, its access to unlimited funds, and its freedom from Congressional scrutiny and control. Designed originally as a central clearing house for intelligence and as the agency responsible for operating spy networks overseas, the CIA has grown to monstrous proportions. It is the agency whose views seem to carry most weight with the Administration's policy makers; and it conducts its own foreign policy through its clandestine operations on all continents. It commands an impressive technical apparatus, and can grind out at short order imposing intelligence reports on any subject, however abstruse, on any country, however remote. Like McNamara's Pentagon, it sports that indefinable air of the go-ahead, no-nonsense, 20th-century corporation which can deliver reliable technical data in the shortest of time to busy executives who themselves must make snap technical decisions.

But the CIA has never been able to transcend its military and conspiratorial origins, either in its view of reality as a whole, or in its estimate of concrete situations. Since the agency is committed to all kinds of doubtful operations aimed at changing and influencing the course of events in critical areas, it is unable to separate its intelligence judgment from its desire to see such operations succeed. The most tragic instance was the Bay of Pigs disaster, yet despite this and other setbacks, the agency has remained preeminent in the counsel of the Administration, not only because the intelligence it provides is so much more "definite" and "concrete" than that provided by the State Department but because it embraces the same view of reality held by the Pentagon and White House.

Finally, much of the blame for the permanent ascendancy of the military point of view in our world relationships must be laid to Congress and the national press. Few Congressmen have lived outside the United States for any length of time. Because of this isolation and the limited vision that goes with it, few legislators arrive in Washington with any background knowledge of foreign affairs. On the other hand, most Congressmen have spent some part of their lives in the armed forces, and a very considerable number keep up active reserve commissions. This means at the very least that the military enjoy an understanding of and receptivity toward their point of view. And often it means active support in Congress for the military position and a readiness to accept all-out military demands which have been rejected even by the civilian secre-

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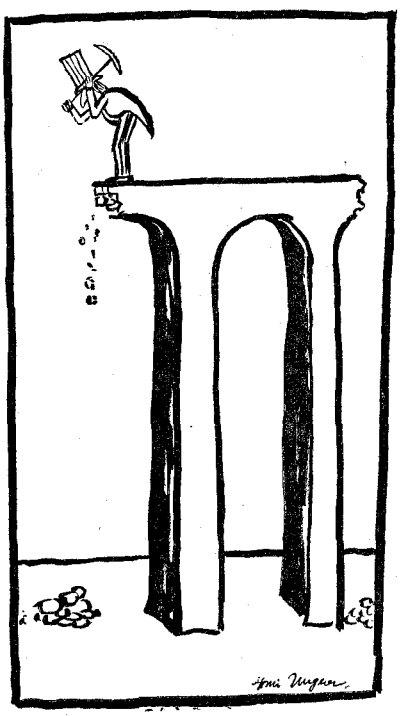
taries of the various military departments. The Pentagon has used its ample supply of officers and its lavish budget to keep Congress well supplied with military liaison officers—that is, lobbyists. And it has made sure that committees and sympathetic Congressmen and Senators are fed with a version of events that supports the military's insatiable demand—not only for more men and equipment—but for more and more say in the determination of foreign policy.

As for the press, it is not only that some columnists manage to get the military view before the public disguised as impartial, objective comment, and not only that the naive views of people like General Powers are widely syndicated. In its handling of foreign news the press goes two steps further. First, the crash of an American helicopter rates as more important news than the fall of a civilian government in Vietnam. Even David Halberstam, the former *Times* correspondent in Vietnam, reveals inadvertently in his book how inadequate his view was. He was reporting on a *war*, and more particularly on the Americans participating in that war. Very little of his time went into the Vietnamese side of it; he shows almost no understanding of the colonial background and the French involvement after 1945. Is it any wonder that Halberstam accepts uncritically the necessity for the war? If this is the best that American newspapers can do, the public must inevitably remain ignorant of what is really happening in the world. Again, the reporting in the American press of the rescue from Stanleyville last winter was a vivid instance of the failure of the press to inform and clarify, because all attention was focused on the "human-interest" aspect of Americans being dramatically rescued from crazed "Communist" insurrectionists. How many papers took the trouble to sketch the tortured background of these events, to explain the violent African reaction to them, or even to print the interview with the rescued American consul who denied flatly that the rebels were Communists?

Furthermore, the American press fails to report how responsible friends of the United States view a problem like Vietnam or Santo Domingo, and how they react to what we are doing there. To an alarming degree the American press handles foreign opinion as does the Soviet press. It selects those foreign statesmen and newspapers that support American policy, and omits all qualifications and reservations. Outright criticism is ignored or put down to perverse anti-Americanism, Communist influence or both. It is unlikely that more than a handful of Americans are aware of the sober, restrained criticism of our actions that has appeared in the London *Observer*, and in the counterparts to that paper from Oslo to Tokyo.

Yet at no time since the thirties has the United States been more divided in feelings and attitudes from the outside world, and the separation is not confined to the questions of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. The other nations can see, if we will not, the dangers that our policies present to the peace and stability of the world. And the critical issue is that policies based on a military view of reality are being pushed to their logical limit by the very party and Administration that claims to represent liberalism, respect for other nations and a patient search for world peace.

What can be done to bring sanity back into our conduct of foreign affairs, to prevent the steady escalation toward a nuclear war with China, and possibly with Russia as well? Even though Congress dutifully endorsed the Administration's actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic and issued a blank check for further such actions, there are signs of unrest among responsible Congressional leaders, especially in the Senate. Senator Fulbright's speech on Vietnam recognizes the true Vietnam situation —that a military victory cannot be won, and that major concessions will have to be made by us as well as by the other side. But Congressional action must go much further in the direction of open opposition. The crisis demands it, and the opportunity now exists because the present Congress contains enough new men in both houses who have broken free, at least in part, from the stereotyped military thinking of their immediate predecessors. Only open, determined opposition in Congress will force the President and his Administration to face the facts of the external world.



Maybe the moment is also at hand to attempt to reconstruct the State Department and foreign service into the professionally competent and effective body that this country needs if it is to play its responsible part in the world. This means an end to the use of ambassadorial posts as political pay-offs, and to the spirit of dilettantism that underlies it. But it means also a recovery of respect for professional diplomacy. It means a readiness to seek patiently after peace and stability, to take the long-term view (which implies taking the past seriously), and a willingness to grasp the powerful historical forces which are changing the face of the earth and our place on it.

Perhaps such reform will occur only when a sizable portion of the American people are converted to reality in foreign affairs, when they are willing to drop their fear of revolution and communism, their misplaced faith in military solutions and pious oratory at the UN. This would mean listening to someone like George Kennan, even to General de Gaulle, to say nothing of Romulo Betancourt and Jomo Kenyatta. But meanwhile we have a right to expect that our elected officials, both in the White House and Congress, will do some of this listening and pause before it is too late. And we may hope that our press will help us see the world as it is and hear some of the voices speaking the truth. At the moment these voices are drowned out by the roar of helicopters, jet fighters and machine guns.

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Flannery O'Connor: Faith's Stepchild

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE. By Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 269 pp. $4.95.

Webster Schott

After reading Flannery O'Connor's final stories I ended the night listening to the mathematical music of the baroque. Order had to be restored, the monsters exorcised from the imagination and pressed back into her fiction.

Losers all, her characters act out the Gothic rituals of defeat and destruction in the nightmare American South. And if Miss O'Connor's god was ever aware of them (a problem to return to eventually), he is now obliviously sawing logs in heaven, as Pär Lagerkvist suggested in *The Eternal Smile*. Let them kill and be killed or grind their teeth in anticipation.

There are nine stories here, all episodes of fatal error and ironic retribution—modern Old Testament scenes in eschatology as the earth binds winding sheets around her failures. First a fat white woman, beaten to the pavement for offering a Negro boy a penny at the end of a bus ride, dies of a stroke or heart attack. Next a farm spinster is gored to death by the bull she commanded her hired man to shoot. A progress-crazed old farmer in "A View of the Woods" pounds his 9-year-old granddaughter's skull against rocks until her "eyes were fixed in a glare that did not take him in"; then he staggers suicidally into a lake as immense as his guilt. In "The Comforts of Home" a son accidentally shoots his mother; he was aiming at their slut boarder. In "The Lame Shall Enter First" a child hangs himself after seeing his dead mother waving from a distant star. In "Judgment Day," the only story placed in the North, an ancient Southern D. P. headed home to die gets as far as the stairs and expires; the Negro in the next apartment shoves the corpse's head, arms and legs through the spokes of a staircase as if in a stock. The last three stories settle for purgatory: an invalid intellectual returns to Georgia and waits for the water-stain holy ghost to descend from the ceiling above his bed. A maniacal ex-sailor, with a Byzantine Jesus tattooed on his back, wails against a tree, unrecognized, like Christ crucified. A self-righteous hog raiser, deranged by accusation and assault, sees a vision of herself at the very end of a heavenly procession led by white trash, bands of "black niggers in white robes and battalions of freaks and lunatics shouting and clapping and leaping like frogs."

Flannery O'Connor ventured into the world. She was born and reared in Georgia, and died there a year ago at the age of 38. But she lived as an adult in New York City, Connecticut and Iowa City, where she studied in Paul Engle's Writer's Workshop. She lectured and read in at least five states and visited France and Italy. Yet all her fiction—these stories; her first collection, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (1955); her two novels, *Wise Blood* (1952) and *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960) — rise out of the Baptist South. Their recurring ethos is that hereditary conflict of wills one imagines warring behind closed doors as he drives lost at twilight on a back road near the battlefield at Vicksburg. Like an expert on one function of the spleen, she chose a small territory of soil and soul and treated it as though nothing else really existed. Human behavior beyond distorted Christianity, outside the lower social orders of the rural South and the domestic arrangements of widowed parents and their children, is perceived as if by accident.

She had only a few ideas, but messianic feelings about them. Children and parents, rarely husbands and wives or brothers and sisters, strike at one another. The family unit—not society as a whole—opens the trap to dysfunction and cataclysm. Only the land, trees and sky possess beauty. Her adults look like mistakes; even her children are ugly. Love enters her stories as the comprehension of loss after death of a child or parent.

Her chief characters belong to the genus Southern Neanderthal. Their minds are pre-Darwinian and post-Christian. The only belief that might make a difference in their lives is Baptist literalism. Like astrology, it's nonfunctional, but provides a defensive reflex system against thought. Miss O'Connor's Negroes are "niggers," endowed with physical strength, great fears and animal survival powers. Her intellectuals — a college professor, schoolteacher, social worker, three failed writers and a Wellesley girl — create special hells. They know about paperback books, psychic compensation, electric blankets, racial equality, but nothing about themselves. Educated atheists, they can claim no more stability than the red-necked semi-literates they loathe. Flannery O'Connor's reality is destiny out of control, choices made after alternatives have been frozen. To begin one of her stories is to anticipate its end. The only questions are how the dreadful punishment for living will be delivered and in what manner her savage sense of humor will delay the agony.

"If nothing happened, there's no story," Flannery O'Connor once said to Robert Fitzgerald. Events take place, words are spoken in her stories for reasons her characters would not understand. Buried in their psychic histories, black flowers of chaos bloom because Miss O'Connor creates them. The tattooed Parker marries a woman he does not love. The social worker, Sheppard, persists at rehabilitating a psychopathic youth even though the boy is destroying his own son. Her characters aspire to the impossible out of mysterious inner needs. We believe in them because Flannery O'Connor's visionary logic descends on us like a clamp. Intelligence says wait. But the emotions follow her to exhaustion. She had the fictionalist's only requisite gift—a genius for deception.

"I think the first thing you need to realize about fiction," she wrote to one of her nun correspondents, "is . . . the writer [tries] to see an action, or a series of actions, clearly. To make anyone see a thing, you have to say straight out what it is, you have to describe it with the greatest accuracy. The fiction writer is concerned with the way the world looks first of all."

The phenomena of sight obsessed

Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

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her. Events and revelations come in strings of optical epiphanies. What her characters see and how they see it, the colors of their eyes and the reflections in them, their visions in crisis or at the instant of death, the play of hues and shadows in trees and sky, reinforce what we feel about the core-man inside the shell.

Before the reducing class at the Y, the fat woman's sky-blue eyes in the title story are "as innocent and untouched by experience as they must have been when she was ten." Crumpled like a blimp after the handbag blitzkreig, she seeps into death. "One eye, large and staring, moved slightly to the left as if it had become unmoored. The other remained fixed on him [her son], raked his face again, found nothing and closed." Lights drift farther away the faster the youth runs for help. Darkness and his sins sweep him back to her.

Windows to the soul, eyes signal preludes and clues to action and meaning. Visions and vistas serve as codas. The "same pale slate color as the ocean," O. E. Parker's eyes "reflected the innocent spaces around him as if they were a microcosm of the mysterious sea." The Jesus tattooed on his back as a desperate gesture to make contact with his wife has "eyes to be obeyed." His wife cannot recognize the Jesus. "He don't *look*. . . . No man shall see his face." She watches Parker, crying like a baby against the pecan tree, welts forming on the face of his tattooed Christ, and "her eyes hardened still more." As the horns pierce her body, Mrs. May in "Greenleaf" had "the look of a person whose sight has been suddenly restored but who finds the light unbearable." Smell, sound, kinesthesis orient Miss O'Connor's characters. Vision directs them; emotional stimuli enter through their eyes. Their frustrating pasts, obliquely bared, turn their responses into acts of hostility, hatred, violence. Curiously, all are denied the sensuality of sex. To introduce the erotic would have taken Miss O'Connor outside the psychophysical graveyard. She was, apparently, never in love.

Flannery O'Connor is everywhere in her stories. She entered fiction by way of painting and cartooning, which partly accounts for the visual intensity. Many of her characters struggle to walk or move in their states of shock; she herself used crutches when these stories were written. Like most of her characters, the continuous personal presence in her life was one parent—her widowed mother. One sees the spinster author sitting in bed, paring her fingernails and watching the peacocks on her farm, tolerating the ministrations, wandering through visions of violence in the distances surrounding her. Along with physical pain, sight was the most intense sensual experience available to her. Enlarged by a medieval religious attraction to the manifestations of evil, sight gave her art its phantasmagorial reality.

The most imaginatively endowed Roman Catholic writer the United States has developed, Flannery O'Connor once said of the eucharistic symbol, "If it were only a symbol, I'd say to hell with it." She received the last sacraments before her death in Milledgeville. She went to mass every day when she lived with Robert Fitzgerald and his wife in Connecticut in 1949 and 1950. When lupus (the disease that eventually killed her) got worse in 1957, she went to Lourdes and then to Rome for an audience with Pius XII. At Notre Dame that year she had said: "The Catholic sacramental view of life is one that maintains and supports at every turn the vision that the storyteller must have if he is going to write fiction of any depth." She chose the title of this book from Teilhard de Chardin, the evolutionist Jesuit theologian who theorized that matter and spirit would eventually converge at "point omega." Judging from Fitzgerald's introduction and the evidence of the stories, she did it for ironic effect. Flannery O'Connor must have viewed Chardin as another "interleckchul" and Vatican II an "Eyetalian" conspiracy against the blood of Christ and the one true faith.

Her Catholicism belongs, it seems to me, somewhere near the time of the Inquisition. The village priest in "The Enduring Chill" is a hard-of-hearing country bumpkin. "You will never learn to be good unless you pray regularly," he says, when Asbury Fox asks him what he thinks of James Joyce. Ignatius Vogle, S. J., appears briefly in the same story to suggest the "real probability of the

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New Man, assisted, of course, by the Third Person of the Trinity." Very cool, he has the same trouble as Asbury and looks beyond the cross. He's too damned smart.

On three occasions in the Gospel according to John, Jesus calls the devil "the ruler of this world," and in Flannery O'Connor's stories evil is man's inevitable fate. Helplessly enveloped by satanic emanations, her characters sense the poisons, breathe deeper and sink. "Pride is the queen and mother of all vices," Thomas Aquinas said with rhetorical affection. The loss of Paradise was the price Adam and Eve paid for their pride. In every story, Flannery O'Connor's characters aspire beyond their capabilities. Asbury tries to write and can't. He attempts to liberate Negroes and instead gets undulant fever and his mother's banalities. Sheppard, in "The Lame Shall Enter First," cannot possibly rehabilitate a monster who has the intelligence of a near-genius and the will to destroy his child. Thomas, another would-be writer living on his vanity and his mother, in "The Comforts of Home," stumbles into matricide when he exceeds his psychological potentialities. O. E. Parker tries to have himself tattooed out of anxiety—his solitary fate—and into love. He goes down the emotional drain with Jesus on his back.

Vanity corrupts Christian belief, selfless intention, personal sacrifice. "To help anybody out that needed it was her philosophy in life," Mrs. Turpin tells herself in "Revelation." In the doctor's waiting room as she says, "Thank you, Jesus, for making everything the way it is," she gets socked in the eye and thrown to the floor. Grandpa Fortune tries for wealth and progress and succeeds at murder. The boy Norton acquires a belief in God and hangs himself over it; the delinquent Johnson believes so strongly in the Bible that he tears out a page, eats it and goes on in his life of crime.

According to Christian orthodoxy, everything is inverted in Flannery O'Conner's stories. No one can find happiness or salvation. No one acquires the grace she speaks of. Her South is Salem metamorphosed; it would take a Second Coming to give her people hope.

In one of her letters to the novelist, Richard G. Stern, Flannery O'Connor said to look up John Hawkes in Providence because he was a good writer. Despite her attacks on existentialists, she saw the world in the same distorted and sinister form as did Hawkes. She dramatized Sartre's hell of other people. She confirmed James Purdy's conviction that love is impossible in the present. Pagan Christian symbols and practices frame her work. Ignorant fundamentalism, not Catholic pageantry and transubstantiation, haunts the preachers and believers in her stories and novels. Why, one wonders, could she not write at length about Catholics? Why did she choose as her larger models the misshapen Oral Robertses of the South? She selected those properties of Christianity that served to justify her black reality. The emerging Catholic theology that implies the visitation of Christ may have regenerated matter and dignified all of life was anti-art and personally intolerable. It denied her particular vision of hell on earth. She talked about free will, the sacramental view, redemption by Christ. But her characters have no real choice — only faint glimmers of possibilities lost.

Flannery O'Connor's work is filled with irony — small hope turned to great despair, rewards transformed into punishments, seriousness mocked by comedy, vanity in modesty, hate in place of love, grotesquery disguised as simplicity. But the delicious irony probably escaped her.

(*Continued on page 146*)

SOCIALIST SCHOLARS CONFERENCE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY — McMILLIN THEATER

September 11-12, 1965

PANEL I —9:35 A.M., Sept. 11: **Class and Ideology**
Chairman: **H. H. Wilson**
Papers: **Richard Hamilton, Eleanor Leacock**
Commentators: **Vernon K. Dibble, James F. Becker**

PANEL II —2:30 P.M., Sept. 11: **Modern Imperialism**
Chairman: **Paul M. Sweezy**
Paper: **Conor Cruise O'Brien**
Commentators: **Timothy Harding, A. Norman Klein, Said Shah**

PANEL III—9:30 A.M., Sept. 12: **American Conservatism**
Chairman: **Alan Trachtenberg**
Papers: **Allen Guttmann, Warren Susman**
Commentators: **Norman Dain, Eileen Kraditor**

PANEL IV—2:45 P.M., Sept. 12: **The Future of American Socialism**
Chairman: **Ann Lane**
Discussion Leader: **Staughton Lynd**
Discussants: **Herbert Aptheker, Norm Fruchter, Eugene D. Genovese, Sylvester Leaks**

Registration: 9:00 A.M., Sept. 11 and 12. Full registration fee $5.00
Students any sum between full registration fee and $1.00

Luncheons: John Jay Hall, Sept. 11 and 12, 12:30 P.M., $2.50 each

Dinner: John Jay Hall, Sept. 11, 6:30 P.M., $5.00
Dinner Address, 8:00 P.M.—**Maxwell Geismar**

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NINE-YEAR MINE-MILL CONSPIRACY CASE GOES TO U.S. SUPREME COURT

United Auto Workers

We oppose governmental harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. . . . The civil liberties of that union must be protected in the interest of ensuring the civil liberties of all unions.

Amal. Meat Cutters & Butcher Workmen

We . . . feel that a great miscarriage of justice is being perpetrated upon a union that deserves to live.

Teamsters Union

We feel that it is of vital importance that we lend our aid to make sure that trade unionists are fully protected against the abuses that grow out of the use of conspiracy charges by the government.

National Farmers Union

. . . The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have not been fairly treated.

Pulp, Sulphite & Paper Mill Workers

. . . The conspiracy charges against these officials of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers is a matter of grave concern to all sections of our American trade union movement.

Intl. Typographical Union

. . . The 107th Convention . . . authorizes the Executive Council to join with the American Civil Liberties Union, and other trade unions . . . seeking reversal of these convictions.

National Maritime Union

We are deeply concerned about the persecution of some of the officers of your International, and it was the decision of the National Office . . . to aid in your appeal of the "conspiracy charge" . . . which threatens the entire labor movement.

United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers

We have regarded the accusations against the leaders of your union . . . as part of an employer-inspired conspiracy to weaken and divide a militant American trade union and to hamper the efforts to protect and advance the interests of its members.

The American Civil Liberties Union will soon file a brief with the U. S. Supreme Court asking the court to review the conviction, after a second trial, of six past and present officials of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. The six have been charged with conspiracy to defraud the gvoernment with the filing of false non-Communist Taft-Hartley affidavits.

Also asking for Supreme Court review will be several international unions. The concern of these unions in Mine-Mill's defense stems from the following:

- The indictment, charging a "conspiracy" dating back 16 years, was handed down in 1956 and is a hangover of the shameful mccarthyite Fifties.
- The case was first brought to trial in the midst of a long and bitter nationwide strike by Mine-Mill against major U. S. copper producers.
- The section of Taft-Hartley involved in the case was repealed by Congress six years ago, a month before the first trial opened.
- The defendants, each with more than 25 years service in the industry and in the union, have steadfastly denied the charge. They have the united support of the Mine-Mill rank and file membership.

For over 150 years the American labor movement has fought the use of the conspiracy charge against unions. It has been a favored weapon in attempts to smash unions and unionism.

"It is difficult," says Norman Thomas, "to resist the conclusion that [in this case] the government was willing to do a little unionbusting in the name of anti-Communism, under the forms of law. . . . Should the decision of the lower court be sustained, civil liberties for us all would be less secure."

Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers

A strange and cruel persecution. . . . OCAW . . . has taken the position that this case should have been dropped.

Transport Workers Union

It is with serious concern and grave alarm that we view the prosecution of officers and members of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union on a "conspiracy" charge. We thought that such a charge . . . had been relegated to the dust heap of history where it belongs.

Bro. Sleeping Car Porters

We are deeply concerned about the persecution of the officers of your union. . . . I sincerely hope . . . you will be able to reverse this conspiracy conviction.

Amal. Clothing Workers

Enclosed find check . . . in connection with the defense of some of the officers of your International against a "conspiracy" charge. . . . There is common cause for concern in this situation.

Packinghouse Workers

We join . . . in opposing the governmental harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. . . . Labor must particularly disapprove the use . . . of the conspiracy doctrine which has historically been the legal weapon of the anti-labor forces.

International Longshoremen & Warehousemen

The conspiracy trial is a gimmick. . . . Mine-Mill needs every support—from within the labor movement and from outside . . . to help lick the conspiracy trial.

Amal. Lithographers

. . . We believe that a victory for the defense in this case is very important to the labor movement and to the preservation of civil rights.

Retail, Wholesale & Dept. Store Union

We in the RWDSU believe that the use of charges of conspiracy against your union leaders represents a most serious threat to the entire labor movement.

WRITE: Mine-Mill Defense Committee

941 East Seventeenth Avenue
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Based on the most depressing features of Christianity, the consignment of man to the evil forces within him and the denial of an evolving intelligence to help himself, her stories created a small universe. As patterns of thought her work suggests the absolute theological dead end enlightened Catholicism is struggling to escape. Artistically her fiction is the most extraordinary thing to happen to the American short story since Ernest Hemingway.

Reality is fantastic. Violence does bear life away. Sometimes. Myopic in her vision, Flannery O'Connor was among those few writers who raise the questions worth thinking about after the lights are out and the children are safely in bed: What is reality? What are the possibilities for hope? How much can man endure?

THEATRE

Julius Novick

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE PEOPLE

It was obvious, when Joseph Papp was starting his New York Shakespeare Festival, that Mr. Papp was out of his mind. Shakespeare is an expensive author to produce; when you refuse, on principle, to charge admission, the whole thing becomes an economic nightmare. It is said that a certain foundation once refused to give Papp a grant on the incontrovertible ground that there was no prospect of his festival's ever becoming self-supporting. One New York critic publicly begged him to charge a small admission in order to stay alive.

But Mr. Papp, in addition to being a madman, is a master promoter, a born impresario. His enterprise has prospered, and become an empire, with an annual budget of close to a million dollars. In the winter, a Papp company tours the New York City schools; this summer, three separate Papp companies mounted six plays, all by Shakespeare; and Papp presents folk-song concerts, poetry readings and dance recitals as sidelines.

Similar enterprises have begun to proliferate in many places, extending Papp's work of bringing theatre to the people by means of free outdoor performances. A group called Theatre in the Streets tours New York City every summer; Brooklyn has its own outdoor theatre in Prospect Park; Washington, D. C. has its outdoor Shakespeare Festival in the shadow of the Washington Monument; other cities have followed suit. One is reminded of the epigraph Moss Hart made up for one of his plays: "Mad, sire? Yes, sire, they are mad, but observe how they do light up the sky."

The audience at Papp's 2,300-seat outdoor theatre in Central Park is probably the most cosmopolitan in New York. It lacks the air of constipated prosperity so prevalent among Broadway audiences; students, Negroes, foreigners, turn up in good numbers, and so do ordinary families from Queens who can't afford Broadway. But it is predominantly a middle-class audience, and this has not satisfied Mr. Papp. Last summer, therefore, he expanded his operations to include a second company, which tours the five boroughs with its own portable 1,600-seat outdoor theatre. This summer, after the second company got finished taking *Henry V* and *The Taming of the Shrew* to neighborhoods like Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, the portable theatre was taken over by a third company, which is presenting *Romeo and Juliet* in Spanish for the benefit of New York's large and widely neglected Spanish-speaking minority.

I usually catch up with the touring productions in a playground in Spanish Harlem. The audiences there seem to be drawn almost entirely from the neighborhood, and they consist mostly of small children (who will grow up, if Papp's efforts prosper, far more familiar with Shake-

Up Rising

Now Johnson would go up to join the great simulacra of men,
Hitler and Stalin, to work his fame
with planes roaring out from Guam over Asia,
all America become a sea of toiling men
stirrd at his will, which would be a bloated thing,
drawing from the underbelly of the nation
such blood and dreams as swell the idiot psyche
out of its courses into an elemental thing
until his name stinks with burning meat and heapt honors

And men awake to see that they are used like things
spent in a great hecatomb of youths, this Texas barbeque
of Asia, Africa and all the Americas,
And the professional military behind him, thinking
to use him as they thought to use Hitler
without losing control of their business of war,

But the mania, the ravening eagle of America
as Lawrence saw him "bird of men that are masters,
Lifting the rabbit-blood of the myriads up into—"
something terrible, gone beyond bounds, or
As Blake saw figures of fire and blood raging,
—in what image? the ominous roar in the air,
the omnipotent wings, the all-American boy in the cockpit
loosing his flow of napalm, below in the jungles
"any life at all or sign of life" his target, drawing now
not with crayons in his secret room
the burning of homes and the torture of mothers and fathers
and children,
their hair a-flame, screaming in agony, but
in the line of duty, for the might and enduring fame
of Johnson, for the victory of American will over its
victims,
releasing his store of destruction over the enemy,
in terror and hatred of all communal things, of communion, of
communism;

has raised from the private rooms of small-town bosses and
business men,

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speare than most of us above the poverty line). I saw several babes in arms; one in front of me sucked angelically on her pacifier and emitted not a peep all evening. Most of the kids, and some of the adults, behave as if they were at a ball game: sauntering in late, leaving early, wandering around the theatre, keeping up continuous conversations, occasionally shouting their opinions at the players. One little girl had a toy ray gun, which she fired off noisily at intervals during the show.

One performance in another part of Harlem had been bombed out by rock throwers, but the audiences I was part of seemed to like what they were getting. The youngsters enjoyed the comedy, especially the bawdy passages in *Romeo y Julieta*, but they liked the fights best of all. When Mercutio fell to the stage and rolled over in his death throes, they laughed and shouted and clapped and cheered. Such a lively crowd makes empathy difficult, but after a while I realized that many people were sitting quietly and seemed to be listening attentively; the rest seemed to be enjoying the occasion and the spectacle, if not the play itself. Almost every scene in *Romeo* was applauded.

It is admirable of Papp to refuse to condescend to his neighborhood audiences, and to insist on giving them Shakespeare instead of *Harvey* or *Mr. Roberts*; it is brave of him to schedule, for his 1965 Central Park season, three of Shakespeare's least popular plays. The catch is that his productions these days tend not to be very good, so that it is questionable how much of Shakespeare his audiences are actually getting. Papp has so spectacularly made two blades of grass grow where

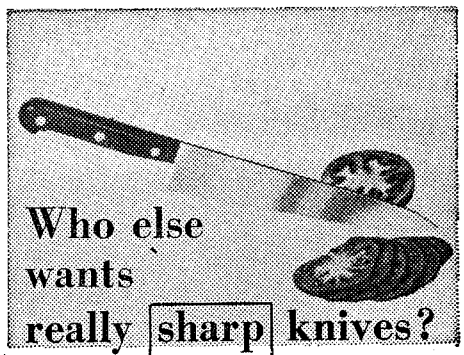
from the council chambers of the gangs that run the great cities,
swollen with the votes of millions,
from the fearful hearts of good people in the suburbs turning the savory meat over the charcoal burners and heaping their barbeque plates with more than they can eat,
from the closed meeting-rooms of regents of universities and sessions of profiteers—

back of the scene: the atomic stockpile; the vials of synthesized diseases eager biologists have developed over half a century dreaming of the bodies of mothers and fathers and children and hated rivals swollen with new plagues, measles grown enormous, influenzas perfected; and the gasses of despair, confusion of the senses, mania, inducing terror of the universe, coma, existential wounds, that chemists we have met at cocktail parties, passt daily on the way to classes or work, have workt "to make wars too terrible for men to wage";

raised this secret entity of America's hatred of Europe, of Africa, of Asia,
the deep hatred for the old world that had driven him out,
and for the alien world, the new world about him, that might have been Paradise
but was before his eyes already cleard back in a holocaust of burning indians, trees and grasslands,
reduced to his real estate, his projects of exploitation and profitable wastes,

this specter that in the beginning Adams and Jefferson feard and knew
would corrupt the very body of the nation and all sense of our common humanity,
this black bile of old evils arisen anew,
takes over the vanity of Johnson;
and the very glint of Satan's eyes from the pit of the hell of America's unacknowledged, unrepented crimes that I saw in Goldwater's eyes
now shines from the eyes of the President in the swollen head of the nation.

Robert Duncan



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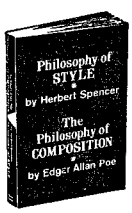

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none grew before, that few critics have had the heart to discuss the quality of his crop. Probably every city with any cultural life to speak of possesses its critical sacred cows; in New York, the Shakespeare Festival is one such (although Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune* very gently blew the whistle on it recently).

The most obvious fault of the festival's productions is the tendency of its actors to be either miscast, or not ready for Shakespeare, or simply lousy actors. All festival companies are sedulously integrated, with plenty of Negro actors and even an Oriental bit player; of course nonwhite actors, up to now, have had even less incentive than white ones to become proficient in Shakespeare. But white as well as nonwhite actors have given terrible performances for the festival. There are plenty of good classical actors, of various colors, around for directors who know where to find and how to use them. Better directing is what the Shakespeare Festival really needs.

The Central Park season this summer was the best in years, but this only means that little flagrant incompetence was to be seen. The season opened with a slick but superficial *Love's Labor's Lost,* directed by Gerald Freedman. *Coriolanus,* as staged by Gladys Vaughan, was desperately dull: the lines were spoken well enough, except by a few hard cases, but not much creative attention was paid to their meaning. Shakespeare's *saeve indignatio* was largely missing from *Troilus and Cressida* as directed by Mr. Papp, but the production was entertaining enough; Richard Jordan, an excellent Shakespearean juvenile, was an appealingly vulnerable Troilus, and there were some funny caricatures and grotesques.

It could be argued, of course, that since after all they're free, Papp's shows are bargains in any case; the same can be said of the Washington, D.C. festival's woeful *Merry Wives.* But a Shakespearean performance still costs three hours out of the life of every member of the audience, and this expenditure, even if there be no other, still demands compensation in the quality of the production. Furthermore, second-rate productions give their audiences a distorted idea of Shakespeare, and are likely to put some people off him forever. And finally, the best way to get good work is to demand it loudly and insistently, and to accept no excuses in its place.

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